

THE SAND-SPUR.

"STICK TO IT."

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Nature beats in perfect tune
And rounds with rhyme her every rune,
Whether she work in land or sea,
Or hide underground her alchemy.
Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake.
The wood is wiser far than thou ;
The wood and wave each other know.
Not unrelated, unaffied,
But to each thought and thing allied,
Is perfect Nature's every part,
Rooted in the mighty Heart.

THE SAND-SPUR.

THE IDEAL UNIVERSE.



WE are not going to talk to you about cosmography, the science of the whole system of worlds, or the relation of all its parts. Physical constitution has little to do with our purpose. But we are going to talk to you about those vital relations, experiences, and longings of the heart which compose what we may call individual universes. We all live in this same world, but not in the same universe; you are actuated by one set of associations, ideas, and purposes, while I am affected by another. And also our interests change from time to time; in fact, every one of us now present is dwelling in a somewhat different universe from the one we occupied before coming here. Think of the many individuals in the world besides ourselves, and every one with his own individual life to live.

From childhood to manhood we see a gradual progress from a less to a greater, from a lower to a higher state, or shall we say to the opposite? Forbid. Must we admit that we have strayed from the path in which our parents led us? Let us be mindful of our noble ancestry and (if we have been a disgrace to them), let us face about and seek to confer honor instead. When we think of our environment so conducive to higher ideals, shall we say that we willingly seek a lower environment? Oh! for words to describe our debt to our parents, friends, and the state, for the universe we now enjoy! To whom was Ruskin, that great Englishman, indebted for the will and ability to render such inspiring service to the world? To his friends? No! but to his Christian mother, who, it is said, had read the Bible through with him at least three times before he had finished his twelfth year. Oh! for such mothers! Yet we are all debtors to mother and father. Shall we repay our debts by departing from their instructions? Nay! rather let us pay the debt we owe not simply by following their instructions in early years, but by a steady march onward and upward, broadening our universe and keeping our eyes fastened on the ideal which is ever theirs.

Now, if our heredity, environment, and paternal influences have not been of the best, we ought to endeavor to become the founders of a noble lineage. Although the nature of our universe is largely formed in childhood, it is in us to remodel that universe. Paul said, "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things." Shall we, then, be content to drift along in the channels which heredity and environment have formed, when it is in our power to seek new ways, and choose those that lead toward higher and nobler vantage? Shall we, like statues, block the march of progress? Rather let us strive to become better and wiser than our ancestors. Shall we be content to live the life of animals, eating, drinking, sleeping? God made man to be ruler over the animals, and our right to rule is in our nobler powers and aims which make us greater than they. Man is by creation a free being. Then let us become men and shake ourselves free from the shackles of habit, if they be holding us down, and rise to universes unexplored. It is because we are free that we have the command, "work out your own salvation." How are we to fulfill this command? If we will, we can study out the conditions and purposes of our lives and work toward our highest ideals. Colleges and universities are founded for the purpose of revealing to us the highest of ideals. The more we study, the more conscious we are of that ideal. As we pass from one universe upward to a higher universe, we become aware of our weakness and deficiency. "The assertion of our weakness and deficiency," as Emerson puts it, "is the fine inuendo by which the soul makes its enormous claim." Our freedom in the universe of study is unlimited. All true literature embraces the principle of advancing ever onward and upward.

Man from the very beginning has been longing and looking for a higher ideal. He has not been satisfied with higher ideals—he wants the highest! Well it is for us that he has not been satisfied! Woe to us if we be content to walk this earth aimlessly, having no definite end in view! He is useless to the world who has no purpose in life—for the world was founded for a purpose.

And not until the Star in the East ushered the wise men into the presence of Him who is the Saviour of men, was the longing for the ideal of ideals satisfied. Can we now be satisfied because our longing is realized? A thousand times, No! For Christ taught that we are "members of one body," saying "I am the vine, ye are the branches, and he that abideth in me and I in him the same bringeth forth much fruit." Many of us have yet to see the vision of the Star of Bethlehem and be led to the feet of Christ. It is the duty of those of us who have seen that Star, and who seek to abide in the Vine, to draw our

companions to Him. As members of a social universe we have much to accomplish. Let us lose no time in lending to every man the assistance needed. Let us be kindly affectioned toward one another in brotherly love. Being in possession of the highest of ideals, shall we hesitate to tell others about them? Let us endeavor to make that union strong, and not forget that a chain is as strong as its weakest link. Man's chief aim is to glorify God, and how can we better glorify Him than by striving to strengthen the weak links in the human chain? There is on earth no greater joy than this. Our mothers' training and influence will be in vain if we neglect this great duty. The opportunity for study afforded us by our fathers will be in vain. I repeat, if we can see nothing beyond our books, we who live in this ideal universe have unbounded freedom. Let us use this freedom. It makes no difference what our profession or occupation is, we all have opportunities for doing good. When we can truly say "may I live in the ideal of the ultimate universe and not can I," then we shall be approaching the right attitude. The work is great; there are regions as yet unexplored. "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for those who love Him."

Finally, when every universe known to man acknowledges the sway of the Ideal Universe where Christ reigns supreme, to whom no tribute can be too great, then the work of redemption will be accomplished. When those whose ideals are riches, fame, political eminence, happiness and what-not, walk in the pursuit of these ideals in the light of that ideal whose light poets have sung, whose light has illumined the path of literature and has soared on high on the strains of music, then they each may say with Paul: "I have fought a good fight: I have finished my course." If we would have true riches, fame, prosperity, success and happiness let us hearken unto the voice saying unto us: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

[Delivered at Rollins in The Ronan Medal Contest, May 26, 1905, by G. H. Frazer.]

THE ATONEMENT.

[George Eliot, in her well-known novel, *Silas Marner*, tells of the base betrayal of Silas by his loved and trusted friend, William Dane, and of his marriage to Sarah, Silas's own betrothed, only a month later. But here their story ends, and she tells nothing of their future—nothing more of these two who were untrue to one who loved them both. Perhaps the reader will be interested in following their life with us.]



ANY years had gone by since the marriage of William and Sarah Dane—ten times the snow had fallen, and ten times it had melted again at the warm breath of spring. The couple sat before the open fire-place in their cottage, and the ruddy gleams of the fire lighted up the cozy room and the two faces. A cat dozed on the rug, and a kettle of water was heating on the hearth close up to the fire. Altogether the scene was one of peace, and of plenty, and of happiness.

William Dane had changed much since his marriage ten years before. The firelight showed the face of a man of character—strong and stern, with a line of pain running down each cheek. The eyes were full of a secret sorrow, and the jaw square and set gave evidence of great mind power. It was the face of a man who had suffered, yet had profited by that suffering. The face beside him was kindly and sweet and dreamy, but not weak as dreamers' faces often are.

The years had not dealt gently with the man and wife who sat in silence before the flickering fire. For their three little ones lay asleep in the churchyard, and many sorrows had come with the years. Yet each sorrow had taken away from them much that was weak and wrong and had left strength and nobility and kindness instead.

They sat long without speaking, each thinking of three little white crosses buried under the snow. But at last the woman stirred and held out her hand to the man, and as he turned to take it in both of his, the sad eyes grew tender.

"I must be thinking of supper, William," she said in a low voice, as if loth to break the silence. He rose and stood looking at the fire, his shoulders bent as if he were carrying always an invisible burden. The cat yawned and stretched and mewed, and as Sarah bent to caress it, she added, "To-morrow is Assembly Day, you know, and you will have to start early. There is much to be done before then."

As she busied herself with the simple supper, William Dane stood staring into the fire, seeing nothing. There seemed to be a struggle

going on within him—a warring of the good and evil in his nature. When at last she called him to the snowy table drawn up to the window, he turned with a sigh that seemed to mean decision—but a decision that brought no peace of mind.

In the morning after breakfast, Sarah drew his heavy overcoat around him, and fastened the fur cap tightly over his ears—for the drive to Assembly was long, and the morning was bitterly cold. He seemed not well, for his eyes were dull and sunken, and his cheeks were pitifully drawn and white.

“Are you feeling ill, William?” she asked anxiously. “Had you not better stay at home?”

“No,” he answered dully. “No, I must go. I have important business to bring up—church business. Good-by.”

It seemed to her that he kissed her more tenderly than usual, and there seemed to be a depth of sadness in his “good-by” that made it sound like a last farewell. But she thought little of it—saying to herself that he was not as well as usual—probably a little cold.

So thinking, with a happy snatch of song, she waved her handkerchief as he passed around the bend. And as for him, he looked at her long, and then, drawing a deep breath, resolutely turned his horse toward the Assembly.

* * * * *

The housework was done—everything was spick and span and shining in the late afternoon sun, and the cat and Sarah were sitting before the fire, waiting for William. Every sound made her start up, and each disappointment only made her smile happily at her own discomfort. She wondered what he had spoken of at the Assembly—sure that whatever it was, it had been splendidly spoken. She could see him now—the strong face alight with power, and the strong voice vibrant with feeling.

Then she sprang up as a sleigh grated on the packed snow outside, only to make a comical face as Mrs. Smith, a well-meaning but often erring woman, descended from the sleigh and turned toward the house.

“She’s *such* a talker!” grumbled Sarah, “I wonder what she wants now?”

Mrs. Smith burst into the house without the usual preliminary of knocking, and Sarah thought vaguely that something exciting must have happened to so upset Mrs. Smith.

“Oh! Oh! Oh!” said that lady, throwing herself upon Sarah’s neck, “oh, you poor dear, I’m so sorry to have to break the news to you—there was no one else—so I—oh, dear!” Here Mrs. Smith, out of breath, had to stop and sit down. Sarah had grown very quiet and

pale as she listened, for she knew that something had happened to her husband.

Mrs. Smith seemed for once in her life at a loss for words. She sat looking simply at Sarah, until Sarah shook her and said: "Tell me, quick."

"Mrs. Dane, said Mrs. Smith, solemnly, "I am sorry to tell you, for of course, you know that you worship your husband. It's a great shame, when I think how happy you have been—yes, yes, of course. Well, you see, William got up in Assembly and—oh, dear, how can I tell it!—well, William—you remember how Silas Marnier went away because we all thought he stole the church money? Well, William got up and said—said that *he* did it!"

The last four words came out with a rush. But after they were out, Mrs. Smith seemed to break loose at last, and she rattled on, without noticing how Sarah grew paler and paler, until she stood, rigid and white as death, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, only trying to believe that it was not so.

"You see, he had Silas' knife, and he took the money and put the knife in the drawer instead, and then put the bag in Silas' room, and so Silas had to leave; and William got up and told the whole Assembly, and they put him out of church, and he's going away, and you'll be left alone, and we're awfully sorry——"

And Mrs. Smith went on and on, for so there is always a "kind friend" who is ready to break the news or tell the tale, to break a loving heart or to sear a soul with pain, because it gives him pleasure to hear himself talk. But at last she went, frightened by the look on Sarah's face—and Sarah threw herself face downward on the floor and lay still. The cat came and snuggled close up to her and went to sleep, and so William Dane found them when he came home to say goodbye for the last time.

Very gently he raised her, but she leaned against the wall and would not look at him. Silently he gazed at her, and his face was drawn and tired—so must the face of one being torn on the rack look when the pain is so awful that it numbs the nerves. When at last he spoke, it was with a dull and expressionless voice, low-pitched and monotonous.

"Sarah, some one has told you. I hoped I should be able to tell you first. I have come to say goodbye before I go. God grant that some day you may forgive me, even as He has forgiven me. I stole the money because I loved you, and you belonged to Silas Marnier. Good-by."

He walked slowly toward the door, and when his hand was on the knob, he turned for a last look. Then he opened the door, and would have gone out, when a low cry rang through the room:

"William! Come back!"

He turned and came—doubtfully and slowly and unbelieving—not daring to hope. Sarah supported herself against the wall with one hand, and held the other out to him. A little steady smile made her lips tremble, but her voice was clear and sweet.

"William, love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. I am going with you."

She put her hands on his shoulders and looked into his eyes. And as he held her very close to him, two prayers went up to the Throne of Light—prayers of only three words each, but holding in them all of life—"William, my husband," and "Sarah, my wife."

M. B.

THE ORLANDO OVERFLOWED SINK.



JUST east of the city of Orlando, Florida, there is a deep sink-hole, with a subterranean outlet which, until two years ago, had carried away the overflow waters of more than a dozen neighboring lakes that emptied into it, and it may have served this purpose for thousands of years—from some time in geological history when our Eocene bed-rock became the seat of lakes and ponds and pools with which it abounds, and became the great thoroughfare that it is of "underground rivers" and innumerable streams of smaller size.

But these waters, running into the hole in a large stream, and lost to sight as they were mysteriously swallowed up in the earth-depths, were suddenly shut off from their old way of leaving the place and soon filled the mouth of the sink to overflowing, and began to spread over the surrounding country. Until a few weeks ago about 250 acres were covered with water, and although it had receded somewhat since the excessive rains in this vicinity last summer, the overflow was about 15 feet higher than it was the year before.

Many houses in the vicinity of the sink had to be abandoned on account of the coming of the water, and the negro settlement of Jones-

town, within easy reach of the overflow, is now without an inhabitant. Many of the dwelling-houses and the two churches have been immersed to a depth of several feet in the sink-lake.

The north side of the sink is a lop-sided opening at the base of a hillock, and the new visitor coming to the place before the subterranean opening had become stopped, would suspect nothing unusual until, following up in his meadow ramble the good-sized stream, he would find his walk suddenly brought to an end by the stream deliberately gliding out of sight into a big hole in the ground, leaving him standing gazing wonderingly upon the bank; or, coming from another direction to the top of the hillock, he would see with equal wonderment the stream sinking into the ground beneath his feet.

The upper sink opening has the shape of the frustum of a cone and is about 35 feet deep, and continuing from the base of this is an opening similar to a large well, which has a depth of more than 40 feet. The entire depth of the water hole is, therefore, about 80 feet.

The sink is not far from the rim of a basin containing several thousand acres. The level of the overflowed water is 87 feet above sea-level, and the lowest place, to the southwest, in the rim of the basin is 27 feet above the sink water. So, had the water risen high enough to overflow the basin, it would have run out toward the south.

It is not known how the deep subterranean channel became stopped. It may have been by pieces of water-logged drift-wood, or a section of the roof of the channel, becoming weak from water-wear, may have caved in and closed the water course. It seems most probable, however, that water hyacinths with which the sink-hole was filled, many washing into it from the connected lakes, sank into the lower part of the hole and stopped it.

Several methods were suggested for removing the obstruction. The danger of flooding the surrounding country was somewhat relieved by cutting off the water from the inflowing lakes. But this did not check the rising water during the rainy season, which came shortly after the stopping of the passage.

By direction of the sink-hole committee, consisting of several members of the Orlando City Council, an expert sink diver was summoned to Orlando to help wrestle with the problem of how to dispose of the unwelcome water, and thereby relieve the anxiety of the people living about the place, and remove the danger of a general flooding of the city. It was this diver, who a few years ago opened, by means of a dynamite charge, the clogged "Devil's Mull Hopper," a deep sink in the western part of the Florida peninsula, whose overflowing water ran a distance of twenty miles from the clogged opening.

After a careful examination of the bottom of the hole, nothing more likely to be effective could be suggested by the diver than dynamite. So a 50-pound charge was exploded among the debris at the bottom. This work was of no avail, however, and the hole was left as tightly plugged apparently as before. The suggestion was made that the water might be pumped out of the sink and the plugging material be dug or dragged out. In the mean time the water acreage in the Jonestown flats and meadows increased and neither the wise men of the city council, nor any other of the wise and suggesting people that have ever-ready solutions for such problems, could suggest a plan that was practical for removing the plugging and letting off the water.

After several months of this high and rising water experience and much sink-talk had passed, it was decided to drill a 2-inch test hole with the hope of piercing the underground passage. The passage was struck and the water ran down the hole freely. This experiment seemed to settle the question of what to do in the matter. It seemed now to be only a question of more hole-making. For some reason, however, many months passed without any further work in this direction having been done and only a few weeks ago were drilling operations actively resumed. A 12-inch hole was first made and then another of the same diameter, and a third one of 12 inches in diameter has just been completed, and it is thought that these three holes, equivalent to one nearly 21 inches in diameter, will easily carry off the large stream that originally passed away through the natural sink opening.

So the sink-hole incident in Orlando's history, which has held so conspicuous a place in its municipal affairs for more than two years, and has aroused so much discussion throughout our entire community, is soon to become a thing of the past. The sink lake will disappear, but the scientific question of how the underground passage became stopped, is likely to forever remain unanswered.

It is said that as a matter of municipal economy the suggestion has been made that the costly holes that have been drilled to carry away the overflowed sink-water might serve as depositories for the city sewage, but they should not be used for this purpose, for to make the sink-water the vehicle of the filth of the city might be to make it the source of serious danger elsewhere. To do this would not only be unneighborly, but disreputable, and unworthy the intelligence and good neighborly qualities of the people of Orlando. It is quite certain that the waters that flow away from many sinks reappear somewhere as springs, and if the sink-water be polluted, the spring water would likely be polluted also, and thereby be unfit for many household purposes. It is known that a sewage-laden stream *above* ground, where it is exposed to

readily accessible air and sunshine, and runs in a more or less roughened bed, will purify itself in running a few miles, but a *subterranean* stream might flow a thousand miles and the water still be unfit for making tea or coffee or to use in cooking a dinner.

SONNET TO A SONNET.

O thou uncompromising composition !
 Thou art a most unsolvable conundrum,
 Inextricable word-conglomeration
 A flowery mass of adjectives redundant,
 For thee there is no glimmer of solution,
 Of meaning not the slightest adumbration ;
 Thou art a complicated involution,
 A tortuous, awe-inspiring dissertation.
 O mass of words among themselves confounded,
 Thou'rt more involved for human understanding
 Than any question by the Sphinx propounded,
 More thought, more work than any such demanding.
 The English language has one blot upon it,
 The senseless, senile, sorrow-giving sonnet.

B. B., '07.

AN AUTUMN WALK.



WOULD you not like to walk with me through the beautiful country surrounding my home town, which is situated amid magnificent lakes, groves and hammocks.

Let us first visit the picturesque lakes, "stretching away on either side like a pair of silvery wings, ready to bear the little white town between them into an era of peace and prosperity." In Lake Griffin, on the north, rises the Ocklawaha, famed for the beauty of the mysterious forest through which it pursues its tortuous course. Bordering the lake on every side are extensive groves

of stately cypress, with their draperies of somber gray, and reaching far out into the water are the marshes of saw-grass, the favorite home of the red-wing. Even now you may hear his plaintive cry, "Okalee-ee, Okalee-ee," sounding across the water.

Beautiful as Lake Griffin is, let us tarry here no longer, but rather let us wend our way toward Lake Harris, a larger, and, if possible, more glorious sheet of water, formerly known by the musical Indian name of Astatula—Lake of Sunbeams. Truly no more fitting name could be found, for see how every bright ray caught by the laughing water transforms each tiny wavelet to shimmering gold, topped with a wee coronet of glistening pearls. Like Lake Griffin, Lake Harris is skirted by cypress and fringed with grass and reeds. In the shallower parts water-lilies grow in such profusion that the lake surface seems almost covered with their glistening cups of white and gold. 'Twould be hard to tell in just what mood the lake is most fascinating, whether when dancing with the sunbeams, when smooth and blue, mirroring every tree and cloud, or when dark and rough, rushing among the cypress knees with a dull roar as if in anger.

Looking out across the water to the east you will see a small hill, covered with verdure. That is the once famous orange section, Sunny-side, and just beyond is Johnson's Point, the favorite haunt of the pic-nicker. A little farther south, amid the cypress trees, are seen the small towns of Yalaha and Bloomfield. Now, if you look carefully toward the southwest, you may discern a small opening in the trees. Here the placid Okahumpka Run enters the lake. This is a peculiar streamlet, flowing sometimes to the lake, sometimes from it. It is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful and picturesque streams in the state. Its waters flow so smoothly that the motion is barely perceptible. For me this fascinating stream has always held a peculiar charm. Its crystal waters perfectly reflect the funereal cypress, and its silvery banners, slightly waving in the gentle breeze, together with an occasional brilliant maple or a hoary live-oak, while the clear blue sky and fleecy white cloudlets are mirrored in all their glory.

Along the edge of the stream are myriads of water-hyacinths, with their lavish sky tinted blossoms, while near the bridge is a small floating island, literally covered in early spring with beautiful iris. Water-lettuce is abundant and oftentimes, even while we are gazing dreamily at it, a plant will detach itself and sail slowly down the stream. As it rounds the curve, cutting off farther view, we may easily fancy it a fairy craft, guided by unseen hands and bound for that mysterious realm of elves and sprites which mortal may not enter. As we continue to gaze after it, the gentle swaying moss beckons us; the sighing of the wind amid

cypress boughs is a fairy harp luring us onward with mystic strain, while the melodious song of that sweetest of all musicians—the mocking bird—irresistibly draws our spirit after it.

But look ! While we have been talking the sun has been sinking lower and lower, till now it looks like a veritable disk of gold, casting its level rays far out over the water, surrounding the tree-tops with soft haloes, gilding the nodding bull-rushes and cat-tails, and painting the sky in most glorious tints of ruby, opal, and gold.

Now, we must seek the shortest route home and this will lead through my favorite pine grove. Under our feet and all around us stretches a rich carpet of blazing stars, asters and golden-rod. Now is the time I best love to take this walk, for the lengthened shadows, the swaying boughs, the constant dropping of the needles, and the low moaning of the branches, all add to the solemnity and impressiveness of the place.

ISABEL C. GAINES.

A FORMER STUDENT.



IT may be of interest to recall that Rex Beach, who now enjoys quite a reputation as a writer of popular short stories, was a few years ago a student at Rollins. It is encouraging to remember that a number of our former students have made a name for themselves in the world ; we may suspect that "there is still hope," even for us. Those who have been obliged to labor over compositions and stories should feel particularly comforted by the following clipping, taken from a recent paper :

HOW REX BEACH "BROKE IN."

Most men who make writing their ultimate profession have been writers, so to speak, from their cradles, but occasionally a man "breaks into literature" from another business and without any previous idea that "he had it in him." Such a man is Rex E. Beach.

Beach had never written a line for publication until he became a successful merchant, but he was ever an excellent story-teller, and, as such, was always a welcome guest at the Chicago Press Club. Once, after his return from Alaska, he spent an evening in the club, enter

taining a room full of listeners with his tales of the men he had met and the things he had seen in the lands of the golden snow. At last the hour grew late—or early if you prefer to look at it in that way—and the audience dwindled away. But one member stayed on, and at last, when the room was cleared, this night-owl said :

“ Mr. Beach you tell a good story; did you ever try to write one ? ”

“ Why, no, ” Beach blushing confessed. “ Do you think those things I’ve been telling would have any value in print ? ”

“ If you can write them the way you tell them, sir, I’ll be glad to buy all you can turn out. ”

The night-owl was a New York publisher, and thus Rex Beach’s first book had its beginning.

A SURPRISE.



FEW years ago a friend of mine was a student in Princeton University, and among his many side experiences the most interesting was one he and a classmate had with a freshman, by the name of Al Pilard.

It was in the spring of the year, the bright pleasant days of May were taking the place of the cold winter days, then mostly over. At this season many Princeton students spend some Sundays in Atlantic City, and these two sophomores became so much interested in an attractive resident there that in a short time they were making frequent trips to the sea shore. One day they arrived in a cheerful mood to make about the third or fourth call upon this young lady, but when they saw their attractive friend visiting on the veranda with a freshman, their surprise and indignation were very great. In a few minutes they were introduced to Mr. Pilard, and all were seated and began in turn to make ordinary remarks. However, this impersonal conversation lasted only a short time. Soon the sophomores started to make jokes at the freshman’s expense. The young lady, seeing the situation, helped him, and told the other callers she thought they were “real mean.” This course of events did not please the sophomores and they decided after leaving that no freshman should be allowed to “butt in” on them.

On their return to Princeton they at once started plans to “fix that freshman.” It was finally decided that the best way to bring him to

his senses, to the full realization of his position, would be to give him a midnight swim, and if he should complain of the cold, he could be made to climb a telegraph pole in order to start his circulation. A few days later about three dozen sophomores—three dozen to one, notice—gathered at midnight on the campus and made plans as to just what action it would be best to take, in order to get him out of the dormitory. Finally they decided to run a ladder up to the window of the freshman's room and bring him down to the reception planned for him. A ladder was brought to the dormitory and erected, but just then the question came to them, which was the right window? They had visited in his room, but when they came to locating it from the outside, in the dark, and on the third floor, too, it was no easy matter.

They knew that the proctor and his wife occupied rooms in the near vicinity, and thought of the consequences if they should make a mistake. Finally a bold sophomore came forward and volunteered to bring the freshman down. As he neared the window he hesitated a moment, the thought came to him of the serious results if he should make a mistake. However, he was determined to "be game." He entered the room, quietly closed the window after him and walked softly to the opposite wall. As he did so a soft feminine voice asked :

"Is that you, Jack?"

To say that the sophomore was for the moment stunned with fright and too puzzled to think or speak, is no exaggeration. But presently thoughts came to him faster than ever before in his life—should he explain; should he run down the ladder and cause the dormitory to be put in confusion by the screams of a frightened lady, or should he try and run through the hall? Just then came the voice again :

"Are you still angry, Jack, dear? Won't you forgive me this time?"

"Yes, this time," answered the sophomore, "if you will promise not to scream or make any noise while I explain, and also to remain where you are."

These conditions being agreed to, the sophomore made another attempt to collect his wits and to steady himself long enough to explain. When the full realization of the situation dawned upon the lady it was only by the most strenuous implorings and promises that he induced her not to betray him. At last she excused him, and he promised always to regard her as his benefactress.

A few minutes later he met the rest of the fellows on the campus, and told them that the freshman was in a serious condition; that he was deathly ill, and the only thing he could do was to give him his medicine and make him as comfortable as possible. So they all de-

cided it was the only thing to do in such a case, and they hoped that Pilard would recover soon.

The next day the bold sophomore received through the mail the following note :

My Dear Sir : Perhaps it will be of some interest to you to know that for the last few years I have taken parts in many theatrical performances, especially those parts usually taken by ladies. This accounts for your experience of last evening. As to whether this "gets out" or not, will depend on yourself.

Trusting always to remain your benefactress, believe me,

Yours truly,

Al Pilard.

J. C. R.

A FLORIDA FOX-HUNT.



O a person who enjoys his fair share of health, no time of the day is more enjoyable than the early hours of the morning, when the whole earth is fresh from its night's rest and the clear, bracing air gives one a feeling of buoyancy and joy, which can be appreciated only by those who have experienced it. And to me the best way of securing this good of the morning is to go for a run with the hounds.

At three o'clock, the first whirr of the alarm clock brings you out of bed on the jump, and in ten minutes you are outside the house, drawing deep breaths of the fresh air, as you put on your shoes after the stealthy descent of the stairs. If the moon is at its full the night is ideal. All the commonplace, subconscious voices of the day are hushed and the deep silence gives the feeling of being far from any living creature. The walks and trees, the houses and fences, lie bathed in moonlight, which turns every thing silver white or jet black. After a short wait to drive away the last vestiges of sleep, you throw your gun over your shoulder and start for the rendezvous, filled with the joy of living, and with eager anticipation of the chase.

As you approach the corner where the pack is to start, the dogs come running to meet you with whines and yelps, as eager as you are to be off. The others may be already there, or you may have to wait a while for them, but at last all have come up, and with a call to the dogs the men set out together, laughing and talking, while the dogs run along around you, thrusting their cold wet muzzles against your hands

for a caress. So it goes, as long as you are in town, but at last the houses and fences give way to more open country, and you look around to find that the dogs have disappeared, as silently and completely as if they had been swallowed up. The hunt is on.

Instead of the yards and groves, the fences and walks, the shrubbery and shade trees limiting the view in all directions, there stretch away on all sides vistas of pines, between the symmetrical trunks of which the view extends unbroken until arrested by the black bulk of a bayhead, or the looming tracery of a cypress swamp. The ground is covered with the low palmettoes stretching away in all directions, while here and there an oak scrub rises a little above the line of view. Picture all this as transformed and beautified by the moonbeams, and you will understand that even Florida scenery may be beautiful.

Suddenly, it may be within a few yards, it may be a half a mile away, one of the hounds opens. Instantly the talk and laughter cease. Is it a fox, or a cat, a coon, or a rabbit? In all directions can be heard the crashing of the palmettoes as the other dogs race through them to join the first. One by one they reach him, and join in the chorus. For a few minutes they work around, now tonguing, now silent, then away they go on a straight stretch, all yelping together, and no one who is not a hunter can understand why the baying of the hounds should be called music.

For perhaps an hour the chase continues, sometimes well within hearing, sometimes so far that the dogs can barely be heard. The hunters have long since decided on what they are after, and now they follow along, keeping within hearing distance of the hounds, and following with practiced ears the course of the chase. From scrub to scrub the dogs run, dodging with the fox, silent on a lose, then picking up the trail and going off again on a straight dash.

Then gradually the clear air becomes white, the moon is obscured a little, the mist-wreaths eddy and shred away between the pines. The eastern sky turns a shade less dark. It is dawn. Gradually the light grows stronger, the mists thicken, the air cooler, all this time the pack is running, and the beauty of the break of day combines with the excitement of the chase to make an experience of the greatest, most intense interest to anyone fortunate enough to know it.

At last the sun rises. The fox soon begins to make more dodges, to run a little less far on his straightaway dashes. He is getting tired, and as soon as he begins to dodge short, the hunters know that the end is near. They push on faster behind the dogs, urging them on with calls and gesture, to which they respond eagerly. The pack at last enters a scrub, there is a final dodge or two, the baying changes to sharp

growls, and a long squeal proclaims that the dogs are victorious, and the hunt over. The hunters go in and get the fox, patting and praising the dogs, and then they all start for home and a hearty breakfast, which they know they will enjoy after their ten or fifteen mile jaunt. And the charm of the hunt is such that although you may hunt six months without getting a fox, yet the interest never wanes, the mention of a run with the hounds always kindles the same eager anticipation.

B. B. '07.

The sun lies hid behind the hills,
The day is almost spent,
The mocking bird has hushed her trills,
Rest,—rest is nature's bent.
What grandeur in the tinted sky!
What sweetness in the air!
The stillness,—ah! no life seems nigh,
All things are free and fair.
All nature seems to do its best
To make life beautiful,
Have I, too, tried at His behest
Earth's pains and cares to lull?
Perhaps a kind word spoken here,
Perhaps a bright smile there
Would help full well sad hearts to cheer,
And burdens hard to bear.

M. L. O.



THE SAND-SPUR.

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We cordially greet old friends and new acquaintances, who we trust will become old friends. We regret the absence of many among teachers and students who had become endeared to us all and we send them in their various interests our best wishes for continued success and happiness. We are, however, fortunate in having with us new friends both teachers and taught who enter into our college life with new ideals and fresh strength, thus adding vigor and interest to our work.



It is a deplorable fact that the spirit of commercialism is entering to a marked extent into all spheres of American life, and is setting up material wealth as the goal of so many of our people. Illustrations of this may be cited from our student body; many of whom attend school solely for the advantage to be had from a commercial course, and who leave untasted the rich fruits of higher intellectual fields.

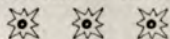
Commercial knowledge is a good thing and necessary for most of us at times in our lives, but it should be made only the means to the attainment of higher ends, and not the object of life. It takes the higher learning, the training of the soul, to be in a condition to appreciate the world and its benefits.

It may be doubted whether this material spirit is weaker in other parts of the world, but certain it is that many observing and thoughtful foreigners on entering this country are forcibly struck by the mad race to win money that many are running. Money has almost become our social standard, shall it also become our measure of life?

The element of professionalism which has a strong tendency to creep into any form of competitive athletics, is particularly undesirable in all forms of college sport, as it detracts from the true college spirit of loyalty and causes the various athletic teams to fail to be truly representative of college or school which they claim and are accepted by the general public to represent. It would certainly be an advantage if the professional evil might be entirely eradicated; such an undertaking appears to be difficult especially here in the south where there is no close school relationship.

The professionals range in the schools from the regular and undisguised recipient of pay, whose sole business is to help bring about the defeat of some other team and who has no further relation with the school, to the student who receives some special "inducement" on condition of his attendance. The principle in each case is the same, that of receiving pay for what is given out to be merely amateur sportsmanship. The greater part of college professionals belong to the "paid student" type. Some appear in opportune time for a certain game season and somehow disappear when that season is gone, leaving behind them, no glorious record of scholastic attainments. Of course paid coaches or athletic instructors are not to be included in this classification, and we see no reason why the students should not receive the best instruction possible for their various competitive games.

The professionals themselves are little to be censured, the evil lies with those who employ them or encourage them. The evil must be gotten rid of by killing its root, by the refusal of school authorities to give any advantage to a student for his athletic ability. In connection with this it would seem of great advantage to the various schools that enter into athletic contests, to form a close league whose officers should supervise all rules and regulations of their intercollegiate sports.



The space given in the newspapers to the marriage of Miss Alice Roosevelt might lead one to think that she was a princess of the blood-royal. The government of our nation seems to be centering great powers in its chief executive, and his person appears to be treated with greater and greater pomp. When we read of the presidential pageants, if we think of the simplicity of a few years ago, we are shocked at the great change. This change may be largely due to the untiring energy of the recent presidents, but whatever its cause it seems to threaten the vital principles of our Republic. This tendency of official pomp is probably not out of harmony with the increasing desire for display and luxury of the nation at large.

Little interest in politics seems to be manifested among college

men, perhaps they do not sufficiently appreciate that, as the best equipped people of our nation, they should govern it in later years. And it may rest with the oncoming generation to determine whether this shall be a government for the best interest of the many or for the particular ends of the few.

SCHOOL DEPARTMENTS.

MUSIC NOTES.

Though America stands for progress in all branches of science and industry, and has produced her musicians of note, still, as a whole, she knows almost nothing of the classics in music, as compared with other nations. Every small town in Italy has its season of opera, with an admission so small, that even the poorest may attend. Likewise in England may be found a season of oratorios, in which the village people sing the chrous parts. And where can you find a German who is not familiar with Beethoven, Schuman, or any of the great masters?

To the schools and colleges of our land is bequeathed the work of promoting and elevating the art among the masses. Rollins with its high standards, and splendid accommodations is doing much toward this end. She offers to her students a thorough course in piano, violin, voice culture, harmony, theory, and musical history. The choral class under Pres. Blackman affords an opportunity not only to the music students, but to all members of the college and to the towns people, to become familiar with many of the standard works.

There are about seventy students enrolled in the various departments, and the work that is being done was shown in the recital given by the advanced instrumental and vocal students in December.

It is the custom to secure artists for concerts during the year; the first one was given by Mr. Walter Drennen of New York. For the month of February there is to be a recital by the choral class and another pupils' recital.

EXPRESSION NOTES.

The first recital of the senior class of the school of expression was given on December sixteenth.

The successive chapters of Van Dyke's "The Other Wise Man" were read by Miss Ensminger, Miss Bellows, Miss Drennen, and Miss

Black man. Mr. Ronald, a graduate of last year, gave the introductory chapter.

The attention of the sympathetic audience was held perfectly through the recital. The art which accomplished this was of a sort hardly to seem like art. In natural, quiet tones, and with voices that carried the message clearly, each reader seemed to be expressing his own thought as to a friend. Such a result is accomplished only through one sort of study; mind and heart must first be taught, and the body trained to be able to tell what is asked of it. Then the willingness to lend one's whole self to the message makes the real success, which is the only success Miss Reed wishes for her pupils.

Much work is being put upon such studies from "Les Miserables" as will bring out the character of Jean Valjean. Those who have attended the rehearsals are expecting that this more difficult work will be the finest effort of the class.

The individual recitals which are to be given later in the year by the members of the graduating class will be of varied characters and such as will bring out the best work of each student.

ART NOTES.

In all Florida there is no Art Institution, fully and adequately equipped for the needs of the modern art student. For many reasons this fact is inevitable. There are too few students to make an institution self-supporting if confined to art alone. Florida is a frontier state in development. The arts come last in the steps that lead to perfection in civilization, and it may be many years before we shall see in our State such an Art School as would offer even practical advantages, to say nothing of ideal conditions for study. But in many of her colleges Art Departments have been formed and often with success.

Here and there students have been allowed to enjoy bits of that greater life in far away ateliers; by enthusiasts they have been led to the threshold of arts' real world and then they have gone back to the lonely world, to the log cabin on the marsh side, or to the cottage on the shore, and instead of inspiration there came forgetting.

The need, urgent and evident, of an art school in Florida is growing. And it will continue to grow until some day a good Aladdin will rub a magic lamp and there will spring into being an Art School, such

a school as may induce real work—original and self-developed—until that visionary day of the Lump shall come to pass our present "Art Department" must suffice.

In Rollins this year new interest in art has sprung up under the supervision of Miss Lainhart. More than forty students are enrolled in the various classes of this Department, some of which are at work in the studio early and late.

Practical work in Drawing, Painting, Modeling, Sketching, Copper and Brass Repousse, Wood Carving and Wood work, is offered in the art courses. Monday afternoon there is a free class in out-of-door sketching, the picturesque scenes of the semi-tropical environment of the college lending themselves readily to the pencil or brush. The Repousse work though somewhat noisy, has proved most popular with the students and others, and in time will develop into as widely known a movement as are the similar ones in England.

During the second semester as a part of the art work Miss Lainhart will give a series of lectures on the History of Art and Architecture and Household Decoration.

The Art Department gave its first Tea and Exhibition of Work in in the Studio on February fifth. The business like work room was transformed by the students into an artistically decorated reception room to which the outdoor balcony was annexed as a tea room, being enclosed with a screen of fishnet and jessamine. Young ladies from the Art Classes served tea, and dainty cakes made by the Cooking Class.

In the main studio all available wall space was utilized for the display of the drawings and paintings representing the work of the Fine Art Department, while the low shelves were filled with the work of the Industrial Art Department. This craft-work being a new feature, was particularly admired and much appreciated. Examples of copper work, wood carving and working, and of pyrography, testify to the enthusiasm with which Rollins College has received Craftwork. Coffee trays, pen trays, card receivers, seals, pin trays, book-racks, tie hangers, fruit trays, candlesticks, desk-stands, etc. were some of the articles on exhibition and sale. Guests came and went during the afternoon, many for the first time realizing the character of the work being carried on in the Art Department. The Studio is open to visitors at any time and though they will not always find a bower of palms, ferns, and roses, they may find much to interest them in the way of the beautiful and practical.

SOCIETIES.

Y. W. C. A.

FANNIE DRENNEN, Pres.
WINIFRED WOOD, Vice Pres.

CARRY ENSMINGER, Sect.
MARGARET BURLEIGH, Treas.

We have indeed great cause to rejoice in our work this year, for God has so richly blessed us and guided our work.

The purpose of the Young Woman's Christian Association is three fold: To bring young women to Christ; to strengthen and build them up in Christ; and to send them out for Christ.

We have our regular meetings every Thursday evening from 6:45 to 7:30, devoting the first Thursday in each month to the study of Missions. At 9:30 every night we meet for our Bible study and sentence prayers. Great interest has sprung up among the girls. We pray that this year may be a year of spiritual power and that no girl will go away feeling that she has not been drawn closer to God.

We have just had a very helpful visit from our Gulf States' Secretary Miss Stafford, which inspired us all to lead nobler lives and deepened our desire to share with others our rich blessings.

Our social functions have been the source of much pleasure. With the money received at our small Candy sale early in the fall, we bought twenty-four association song books, which we are now using. On the thirteenth of December we had a very successful Bazaar in the gymnasium. Each girl in school made some dainty little article, dressed a doll or made candy. Coffee and sandwiches were served during the evening, and the bazaar closed with an interesting auction. The proceeds of this sale go towards our fund for sending delegates to the Asheville conference. We are confident that through this conference our association will take new life, new enthusiasm, and a greater desire to become indeed and in truth of service to our Master. During Miss Stafford's visit we had a reception so that all the girls might meet her.

We have begun our library and we are planning hopefully to have in the near future a suite of Y. W. C. A. rooms

Y. M. C. A.

We entered upon the new year with a fair outlook. Our first meeting about twenty-five students attended. Of this number only four were old members; a number not sufficient to constitute a quorum.

We have doubled our active membership. Our average attendance, at present, is about ten. Although the attendance reveals a lack

of interest on the part of the majority of students, yet, with our Sunday morning meetings, and with our Thursday evening Bible class, we have reason to believe that there is much in store for us. As a result of the recent visit of Mr. Harper, Traveling Secretary for the International Committee of Y. M. C. A., we are sending Messrs. Lyvers and Sloaterman as our delegates, and are helping to send our Secretary and his wife to the Fifth International Student Convention which occurs at Nashville, Tennessee, February 28-March 4, 1906. Our outlook is enlarged and broadened as we hope to receive inspiration and strength from the delegates. The Y. M. C. A. offers to them the opportunity of a student's life time, and, if it is properly received, they should create in years to come, an interest among students for nobler pursuits, and should become worthier servants of Christ by the service they will undoubtedly render to the Y. M. C. A. of Rollins, and by the share they shall have in the ushering in of the kingdom of God.

KAPPA EPSILON.

Early in the fall the K. E. girls entertained the teachers and girls in Cloverleaf at a very delightful reception.

Monday evening, the twenty-ninth of January, the Kappa Epsilon Sorority, gave a supper in Music Hall. A bright fire in the front room cheered the older guests, while the porch artistically decorated proved an attractive dining room for the young people. The young ladies of the society were in pretty costumes, and each did her part to make the entertainment a success. The proceeds go toward the Chapter House fund.

Seven of the Orlando members attended, and also Mrs. Curtis, whom we are glad to welcome as an honorary member. Our Sorority Mother, Miss Reed, who is absent on account of her sister's illness, is greatly missed by us all. The members of the Chapter of 1905-1906 are:

Fanny Drennen, Bessie Axtell, Jean Ballenger, Louise Brown, Ada Bumby, Nell Broward, Jessie Conklin, Florida Howard, Emma Hudson, Leola Kipp, Elizabeth Knox, Mary Lee Oliphant, Mary Robinson, Josephine Sadler, and Sallie Wilmott.

DELPHIC DEBATING SOCIETY.

Although we may not have accomplished all that we had hoped to, the society's efforts have not been fruitless. We have had some good debates and literary-musical programs, which have been largely attended and enjoyed. In these endeavors we have been encouraged and

greatly helped by some who were not members and to whom we are under much obligation.

This society not only promotes debates but also includes speeches, readings, recitations and music in its programs. Also the "Sand-Spur" is published by this society, which claims to be representative of the body of Rollins College students. The society now has sixteen members including both young ladies and gentlemen; but it needs more, and students need it. New members who "mean business" are always heartily welcomed.

Often one does not realize the importance of impromptu speaking until the occasion arises, and too late he wishes he had profited by his earlier opportunities. We are prone to be too easily satisfied with our work in the society, to perform only the unavoidable. We sincerely regret that the young ladies have not taken their wonted interest in the Delphic so far this year, and have not maintained their quota of representatives at its meetings. Yet we hope that with the beginning of the second semester we shall see a great improvement and that many will show as earnest an interest in this work as they have manifested in other lines.

SOCIAL EVENTS.

The first Saturday evening of the session the College Faculty entertained both town friends and students. The reception halls and parlors with their decorations of flowers and ferns, were in harmony with the many bright faces and dainty costumes. Former students from Orlando assisted in introducing the strangers to the three groups receiving, and helped to make this reception a pleasant welcome for all the new people.

The morning of October 9th was given over by both girls and boys to clearing off the Foot Ball field. From one to two couples were stationed at each of the fire yard line divisions. When the divisions were cleared, the couple showing the largest pile of sandspurs, was given a prize box of candy, while the others were treated by the young ladies with ice cold lemonade.

It was truly a happy thought which prompted the giving of an Acquaintance Reception. In the invitation each person was requested to come with his or her name pinned in a conspicuous place, and also to bring some object about which to tell a story. Each gentleman was

allowed to draw a slip from a box, from which he learned the name of the young lady to whom he was to relate his story. They were allowed five minutes to exchange stories, then a bell rang and the young people changed partners, thus carrying out the plan of the evening.

The Hallowe'en Masquerade Party at the gymnasium was a great success. The costumes were varied and attractive, graceful and grotesque. After the grand march, led by Miss Burleigh and Mr. Berkeley Blackman, most of the young people indulged in dancing.

An attractive gypsy tent lighted by Jack o'lanterns was sought by many who wished to look into the future.

Refreshments were served at intervals during the evening.

The beautiful Thanksgiving day passed pleasantly and all too quickly. In the morning there was a union service at the Congregational Church. Holiday interests and occupations filled the afternoon. At six a bountiful dinner was served and afterwards, during the evening, the gymnasium was the scene of social pleasure.

The Saturday Evenings are a pleasant part of the social life of the college, when the ladies of Cloverleaf usually receive their friends. Occasionally, however they entertain themselves most successfully. Saturday evening Jan. 20th, their gaiety blossomed into a masquerade party.

On a recent Monday morning a crowd of girls started from the college for the picturesque picnic grounds at Clay Springs. The happy ride was a fine beginning for the pleasures of the day. Singing, shooting the shoots, diving and swimming, and the ride down the Wekiva River in Mr. J. B. Steinmetz's hospitable launch, made a red letter day in each girl's calendar.

Several very enjoyable evenings have been spent at the Congregational parsonage. Mr. and Mrs. Brower have opened their home to the young Christian Endeavor workers, and their hospitality and kindness have won the hearts of the members of the society.

The invitations to Master Berkie Blackman's birthday party were the cause of much comment and preparation among the children of the school. Yet, when the eventful night came they, were all ready for the party.

During the evening many games were played, such as marbles, tag and drop the handkerchief. Several of the children fell down and the games were unceremoniously interrupted by the cries of the unfortunate ones. Cookies, doughnuts, apples, or lemonade always came in handy at such times.

On leaving each child was given an "all day sucker" to enjoy on the way home.



ROLLINS BASEBALL TEAM, 1905.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

Although our foot-ball team was defeated in all the games this year, we think that, taking everything into consideration, the season was a success. The main weakness was the lack of training. The coach did not arrive until the 12th of September, several weeks after the other teams had begun practice. Most of our men were also inexperienced, several having never played foot-ball before. After the arrival of the coach, the boys got down to good hard work, but they did not have long enough training to play well together; they lacked team-work, which is the main requirement of winning. Most of the men played good individual foot-ball, but the team-work on the whole was very poor.

The first game of the season was played early in October at Jacksonville against the Jacksonville Light Infantry team. This was

played only for a practice game and every one was satisfied with the showing made by our men. The score was J. L. I. 11; Rollins 0.

The second game was played on our own grounds, October 26, against Stetson. Some good playing was done on our side, but our men were not trained to play well enough together; they could do little against the veteran players of Stetson. Rollins, however, played well on the defense and held down the score, which was Stetson 27; Rollins 0.

On Thanksgiving Day the third and last game of the season was played at DeLand against Stetson. The machine-like work of Stetson again won the day. They did not, however, make any very long gains. The score was Stetson 39; Rollins 0.

As the Florida State University at Lake City did not put out a team this season, and as Stetson won both games from Rollins, the State championship goes to Stetson. And they well deserve it, for there never has been a stronger or faster team in the State.

This is the first year that Rollins has ever really had a foot-ball team, and we think they did well for a first year team. Next year, however, we are looking forward to having a winning team.

The Rollins line up was as follows:

r. e. Ayers.	l. e. Alderman,	Subs.
r. t. Boulware.	l. h. b. Bettes (Capt.)	Cheney.
r. g. Frazer.	f. b. Green.	Morales.
c. Sparkman.	r. h. b. Blackman.	R. ed.
l. g. Story.	q. b. Jackson.	Blackburn.
l. t. Phillips		

The base-ball coach arrived on the 13th of January and since then the team has been hard at work. Manager Williams has arranged a fine schedule of games for the season. The first game is to be played at Ormond on February 22. The prospects for base-ball this year are very bright, and we will give the other colleges of the State a run for the championship. The first team will probably be as follows: c. Barnes, p. Mason, 1b. Wright, 2b. Williams, 3b. Bishop, s. s. Hall, l. f. Jackson, c. f. Stebbins, r. f. Harman.

Golf on the excellent links here is a popular sport with many, both girls and boys.

Tennis is more popular than ever this year, and we feel the need of having another court added to the excellent ones already on the campus.

Several beautiful lakes with connecting canals, afford a fine opportunity for boating, and a large number of boats at our disposal enable the students to enjoy this healthful and exhilarating sport.

SANDSPURS

WITH
POINTS



When on a dusty train
We to dear Rollins came
And saw her charm to us unfold,
We wondered if the scene
Was not a pleasant dream ;
But, ah! the half has not been told.

We must admit the town
In beauty does abound,
Its walks are arched with moss-draped trees ;
The squirrels and the birds,
Whose chants are ever heard,
Make life worth living just for ease.

The homes—New England style—
Yet not in regular file,
The church spires point us to the skies ;
In many sweet retreats
Are found the rustic seats,
Where lovers meet and speak with sighs.

But came we here for knowledge
And we will go through college ;
The students greet us with a smile,

THE SAND-SPUR.

Of course they say, "He's green,
Not many things he's seen,
But he'll do better after awhile."

The Faculty's sublime,
The Black man governs fine
In everything he has to say,
And Oliphant appears
Your whispered thoughts he hears,
And many votes he's sure to sway.

In mysteries profound
The Baker comes around ;
We, the dough, he kneads and raises,
And bakes us all with ease,
While we lounge for Ph. D's.
Who deserves more perfect praises ?

Then fresh upon the scene,
With pedagogic mien,
Dear to the English-loving heart,
Appears one Long well known,
Who would no truth disown,
And seeks some wisdom to impart.

From Germany we find
A linguist thrice refined,
A tongue of tongues he has and uses ;
Then Brinson's part we'll see,
Its business, yes siree,
He teaches many all he chooses.

We Latin authors fear,
Yet Professor Lord revere,
Who reads the classics page by page ;
There is a Wilkins yet,
Whom we cannot forget,
Who deals with those of normal age.

The Crocker(dile) appears
And fills our hearts with fears,
"Good-night, no lingering 'round the door ;"

The Rich(ness of pure) grace
Beams from a smiling face,
And causes us to fear no more.

But, Oh! exquisite thrills
List Estes' sweetest trills,
They seem to come from fairy realms;
As complements to these
Are Leeper's melodies,
All crowned with Music's diadems.

The grandeur of Fine Art
Is Lain (within the) heart,
The seat of love and all things grand;
Yet Fair(er far than) fields
Is she who bosses meals,
Which are prepared for our demand.

The grace of soothing pain
Is found in the domain
Of Le Crone, who comes at every call;
The girls walk hand in hand,
According to command,
From Cloverleaf to Dining-hall.

In this environment
We learn to live content
Until our weeks of school are o'er;
Shall we forget these days,
With all their bliss and praise?
As quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

'Twas the night before Monday,
And Pinehurst, asleep,
Lay dreaming and snoring
In slumberings deep.

When out from the silence
There came quite a clatter,
For some one had let off
A giant firecracker.

"I was thinking."—Miss C.

Dr. B. (assigning topics to a student in astronomy)—"Take Craters: Moon and Earth."

"I like the (W)right always."—Miss A.

Miss Wood (after observing the faculae of the sun)—"There are three sun-spots in the Faculty."

B. Blackman (in chorus class)—"I can't make any more noise after that last song."

Miss C. (at the table)—"Who caught these lovely little fish?"

CURRENT COMMENTS.

For any information concerning New Orleans, ask Miss Guitierrez.

Miss L. met her match a few nights ago in the Dining-hall.

We are not a minstrel show, but we have one dark couple—Blackman and Moor(e).

For light on obscure jokes, apply to Mr. B. Sparrell.

The Campus is very Hilly this year.

Mr. Slater seems to persist in playing tennis to reduce his flesh.

Miss Peters' favorite book is "The Blazed Trail."

There is one Boy(er) in Pinehurst that studies Harmon(y).

Our Moral(e)s are as good as ever.

Mr. Hennington's mouth was not made for Barn(e)s.

Ask Miss Mabel Brown for all information concerning the sweet child.

Miss C——n's favorite readings seem to be Philip(pians).

May we never be privileged to hear again a sound so mournful, so distressed, so full of pain, and agony, and fright, as that which pro-

ceeded from the mouth of "little Hennington," when some one pulled the string tied to his toe while he was sleeping.

Mr. Katz's most pleasurable pastime is s(Kipp)ing.

THAT DERBY.

It has a sad history. Originally costing something over fifteen cents, it is now passing through the various stages of dilapidation, and in the near future will be consigned to the bone-yard. It has been punched, bent, mashed, dented; it has been sat upon, walked upon, kicked, ridiculed, and we only hope it was not worn when its owner fell down the back stairs and kicked a pane of glass out of the window.

WIT AND WISDOM OF THE DEAN.

"Job had some troubles, but he didn't have to teach algebra."

On giving demerits—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Books are the tools by which we get education."

"Just plug away and do the best you can."

"Not every one can be sweet, but all can be honest."

"Any one who will steal an example, will steal a ham."

"If I were going to sell myself to the devil, I wouldn't sell out so cheap."

"You ought to be willing to tell the truth, even if it costs something."

"If I could get school folks to have as much faith in the Bible as they have in answer-books, I would be content."

"You must not only know things, but you must know that you know them."

"I have seen six foot fellows, who were very small men."

"Only those who love the truth, can learn the truth."

"Attention is the stuff memory is made of."

"There are people made like cheap pianos,—with the soft pedals left out."

AN EPISODE,

The moon was gleaming mid the trees,
Which stood in robes of grey,
The moss was dripping from the leaves
In a fascinating way.

A figure underneath the shade
 Was wandering to and fro,
 In waiting for a dainty maid
 Who was so very slow.

A quiet step was heard afar
 Approaching from the lane,
 No sound of voices yet did mar
 The evening's sweet refrain.

A pair of strong arms round Tom placed,
 Before one word was said,
 Then, folded in Ned's fond embrace,
 Tom said, "What's up now Ned?"

Mr. MacM.—"Miss Spence and you play basket ball this afternoon, do you?"

Miss Garratt—"Yes, I am one of the angels."

MacM.—"Oh, I knew that."

Mr. Sloaterman—"Yes, I am a ladies' man."

Prof. P. (to a visiting young lady)—"Have you been planting an orange grove since coming here, Miss D?"

Miss D.—"Oh yes, Prof. Peet, I've swallowed more seeds."

Miss C. (in Latin)—"Feminis lugere honestum est. It is honest for women to lie."

Miss F. (in cooking school)—"Miss H., what is the medium of digestion?"

Miss H.—"The happy medium."

"Ask Mr. Frazer."

"Ask him what?"

"If 'Kentucky Pride' is the best he is agent for."

Kippie.—"I certainly do like cats(Katz)."

She teaches well, yes, very fine;
 The unknown things she'll surely find,
 Yet how amused to hear her say,
 "Do grits grow here in Florida?"

Mr. Skiuner, (to Miss D.)—"Are the K. E's. the seniors?"

"How do you like your steak, Miss Green!"

"Oh! Well Dunn please."

Mr. R.—"Say, are we to have arbitration of officers in the Delphic to-night?"

Mr. B. (to Miss Crocker before exam.)—"Remember the Book says, 'Blessed are the merciful.'"

1st student,— "Where have all the snipe gone?"

2nd student.— "They have all gone West."

Miss W. in Physiology Class. Topic, Liver. (As bell rings)—
"Oh, Deliver us!"

Mr. A.— "Who is that forever screeching on that violin in Sparrell? Gee, but wouldn't it jar you."

Miss C. (in Rhetoric)— "Mac M, give the past tense of the verb 'lay,' 1st person, singular.

Mr. Mac M.— "I lied."

Miss C.— "You surely did."

Pupil (translating in German Class)— "The porridge was still so hot that more than one burned his mouth——."

Prof. (supplying missing word)— "Damit."

Why is Mr. Bettes like a shepherd?

Because he cares for the Lam(p)kin.

Three is a crowd,
And there were three,
The girl, the parlor lamp and he,
But two is company,
And, no doubt,
That is why the lamp went out.

Mr. Platt.— "Do automobiles have horses inside of them? They say they are run by horse power."

"Too handsome, too attractive for a student, I ought to be an actress."—Miss G.

Mr. A.—“Talk about the devil and he will appear. O, Mr. B., I did not see you enter, excuse me.”

Mr. B.—“Certainly, my dear sir. Allowances are always made for infants and idiots.”

1st Music Student.—“What does ‘pp’ mean?”

2nd Music Student.—“It means that Prof. Peet will play that part.”

Dr. B.—“I have just been experimenting on the color of the wind.”

“What is it.”

“I found the wind blew.”

Miss B.—“Yes, Professor, I like Harmon(y).”

Prof.—“You are right so far, but where is your Area?”

Mr. Mac M.—“Oh! she is in Cloverleaf.”

Miss P.—“Huth-h-h now, I don’t lithp and I gueth I ought to know.”

We render our most hearty thanks to those whose advertisements have made the publication of the Sand-Spur possible, and recommend that all its friends show their appreciation by supporting its patrons.

J. H. BUTTRAM, Business Manager.

Jerome Palmer

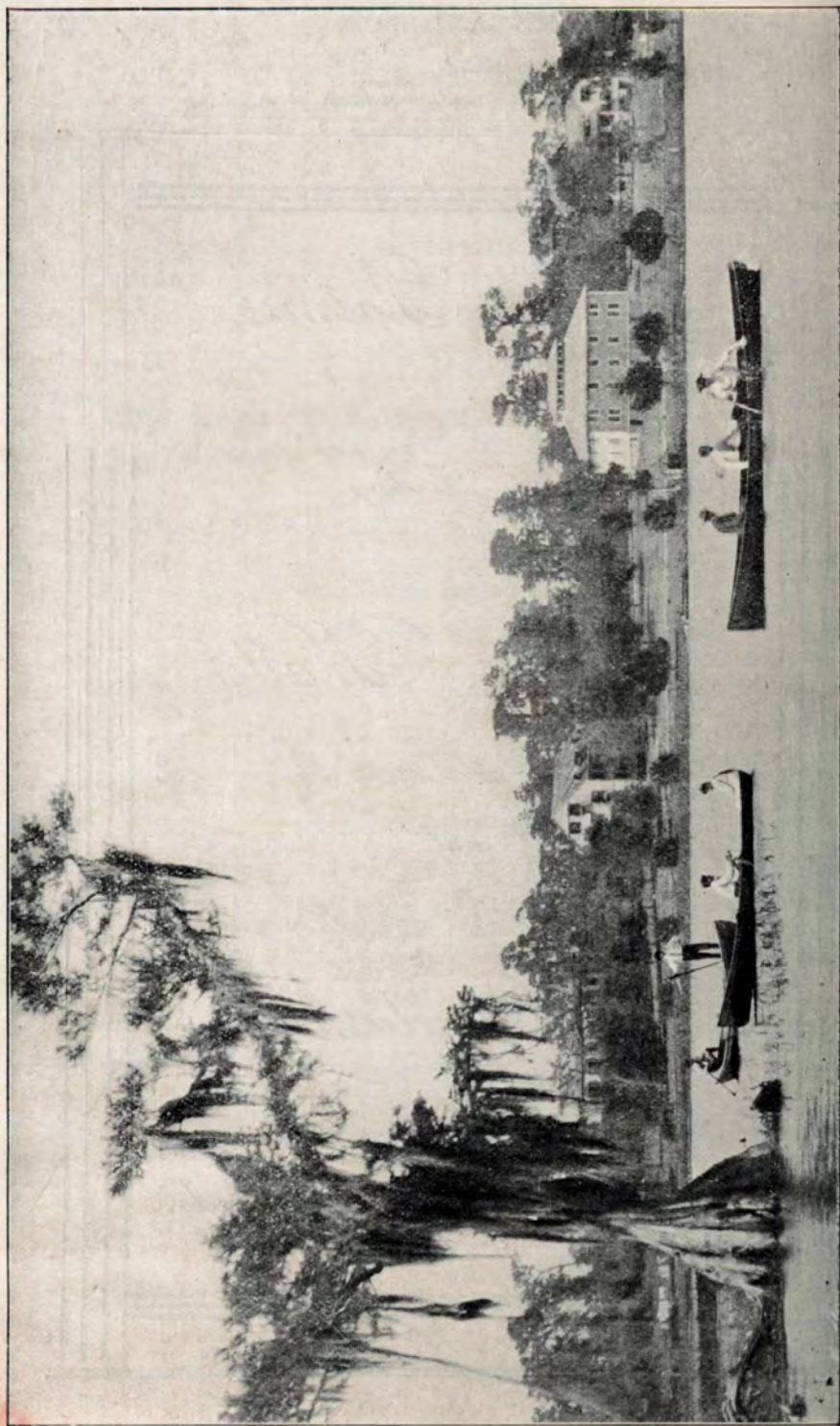
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